

OCTOBER

No. 25

NATIONAL



SM
★
10

COMICS

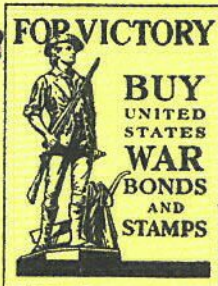
10^c



DESTROYER 171

AMERICA MARCHES TO VICTORY BEHIND

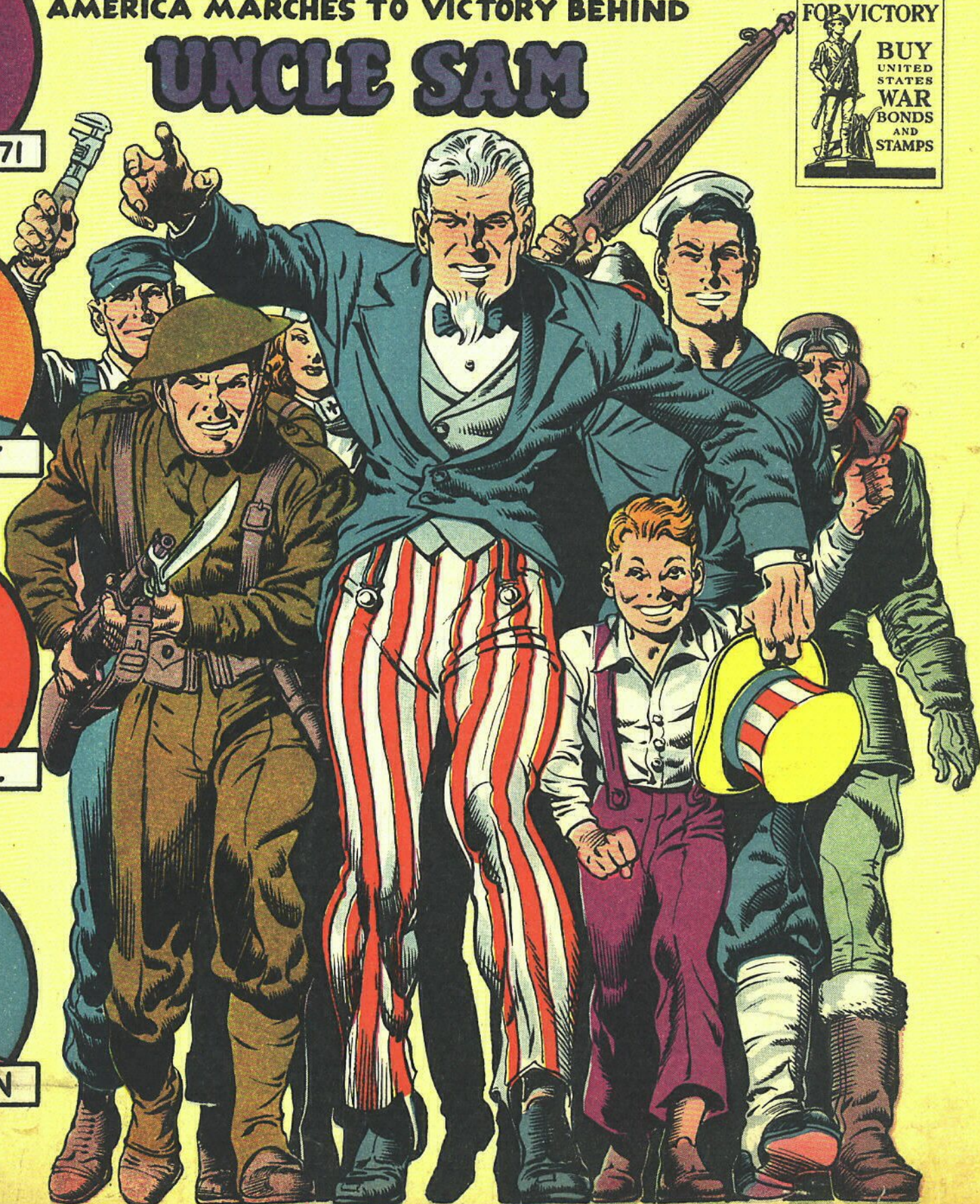
UNCLE SAM



WONDER BOY



SALLY O'NEIL



THE UNKNOWN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Here's winning from this picture!
Follow from day to day with a
pencil! Keep in each "X" and start
again at the next numbered dot.



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RUSTY RYAN	SWING SISSON
<i>and many others</i>	



**LOOK FOR THIS
SIGN ON THE COVER**



NATIONAL COMICS, October, 1942, No. 25. Published monthly by Comic Magazine Inc., 8 Lomb-St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurney Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing; total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murtha, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazine, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

UNCLE SAM

by William Eisner

ACCOMPANIED BY SENATOR COREY, UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY HEAD FOR NEW ADVENTURE IN PANAMA...

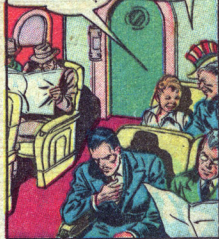


SPLITTING THE HEAVENS WITH ITS ROAR, A HUGE TRANSPORT KEEPS AN EVEN COURSE TOWARD SOUTH AMERICA...



WHY'RE WE GOING TO PANAMA ANYWAY, UNCLE SAM?

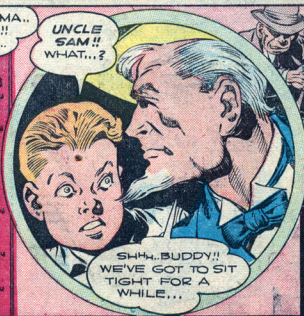
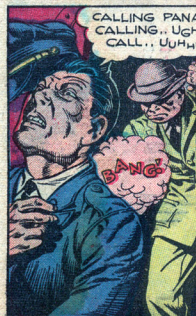
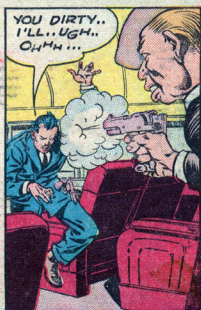
OH, NO SPECIAL REASON, BUDDY!

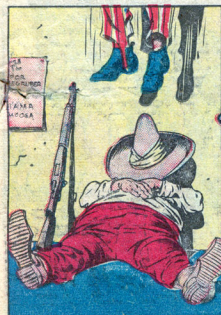


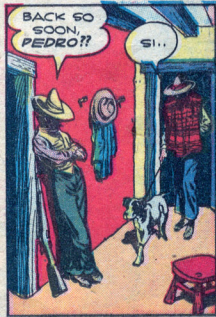
I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT AT THE CANAL... WHY? ARE YOU BORED?

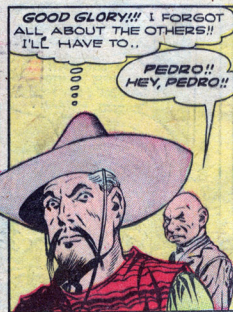
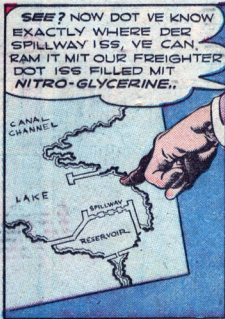
YEAH... THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE!

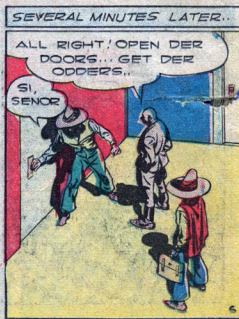
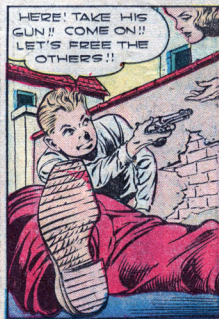
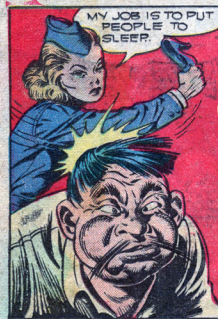
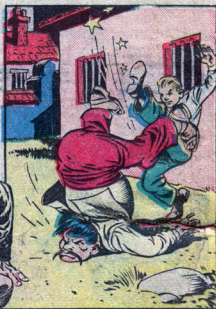
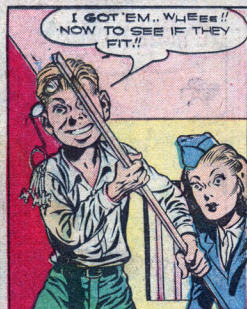
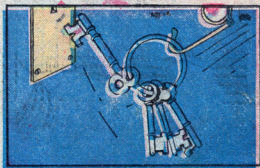
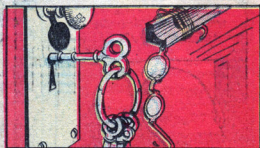
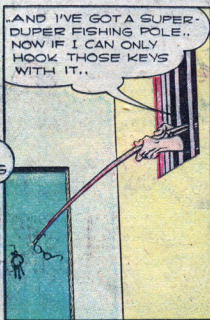


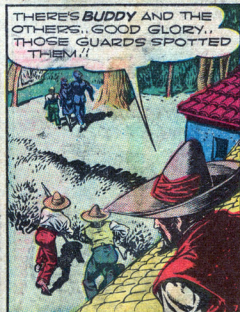
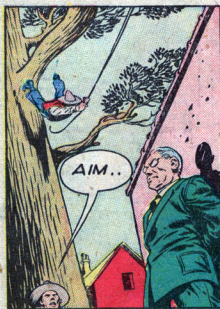
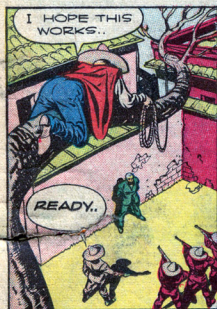


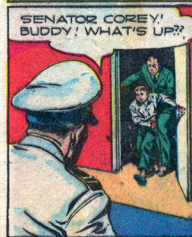
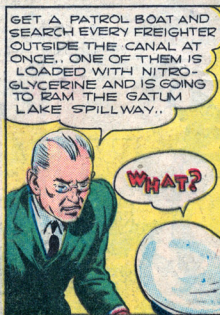
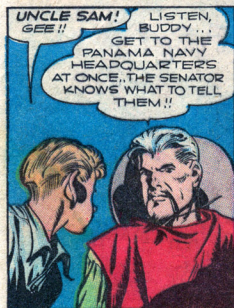
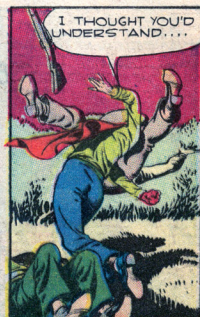




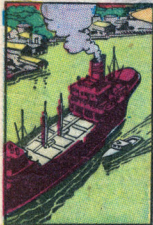








AS THE TRIO RUN TO A PATROL CUTTER, A FAST SPEEDBOAT DRAWS ALONGSIDE ONE OF THE ANKORED FREIGHTERS..



HANS: HAVE YOU GOT THEM?
JA! GIF THEM TO ME, PEDRO..



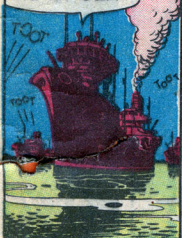
SURE.. HERE, YOU BLASTED NAZI...



HERE COMES BUDDY! I BETTER BLOW THE SHIP'S WHISTLE TO SHOW HIM WHERE I AM!!



WHAT TH'? ALL THE SHIPS HAVE STARTED TOOTING.. NOW HE'LL NEVER FIND.. WAIT.. I'VE AN IDEA!!



WHAT A RACKET.. THAT WHISTLE TOOT..TOOT.. TOOT..TOOT.. TOOT.. THAT'S IT.. IT'S THE SAME RYTHYM AS THE GAME WE PLAYED... IT'S THAT SHIP THERE!!



KAMERAD! PUT 'EM UP, BOYS.. UNCLE SAM..



HI, BUDDY!! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE..
IT'S A GOOD THING WE PLAYED THAT GAME "BOY!!" WE'D HAVE NEVER FOUND YOU!!



THE BRIEFCASE.. HAVE YOU GOT IT??
RIGHT HERE, SENATOR.. SAFE AND SOUND..

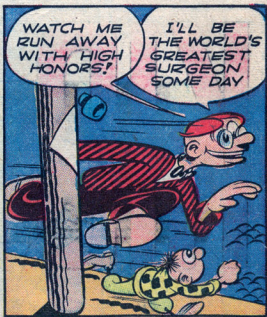
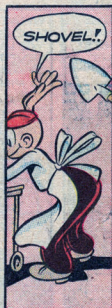
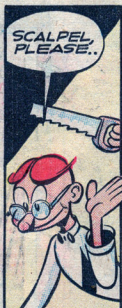


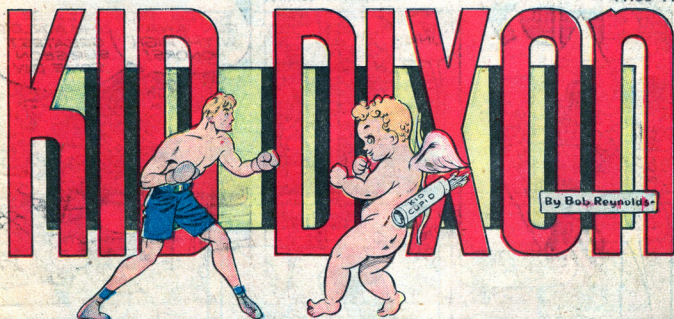
RIGHT.. COME ON, BUDDY.. LISTEN.. I'VE GOT A NEW ONE FOR YOU.. TAP..TAP..TAP.. TAP..TAR..TAP..



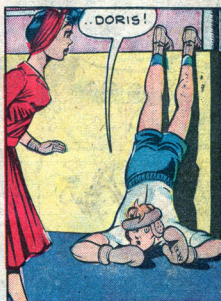
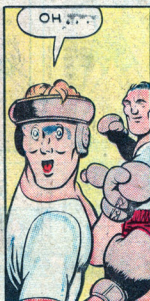
WINDY

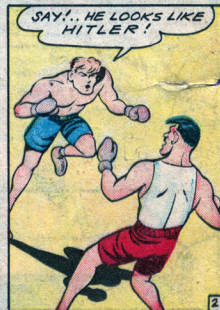
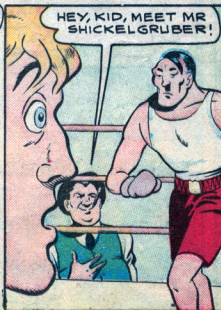
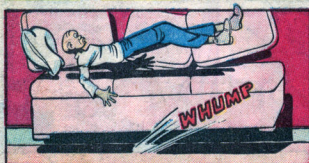
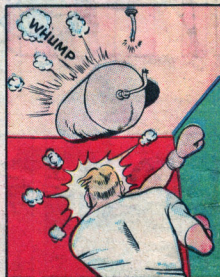
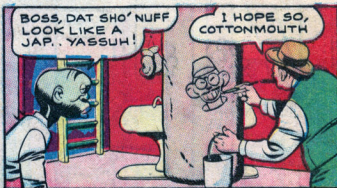
BREEZE

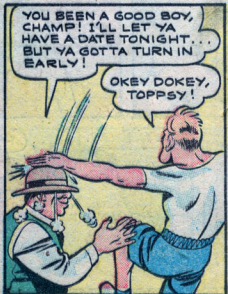
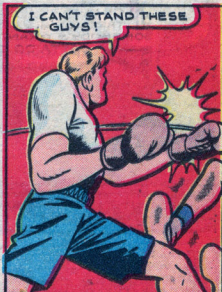
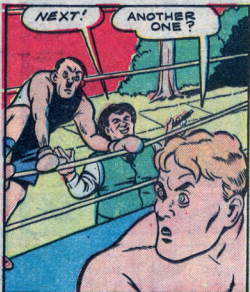
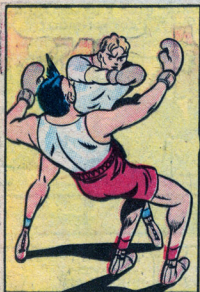


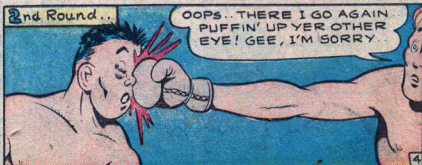
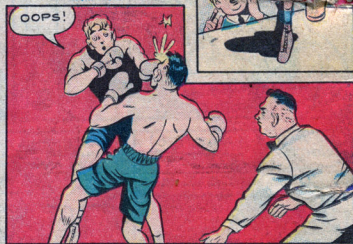
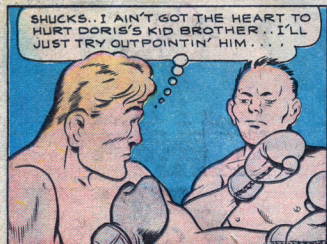
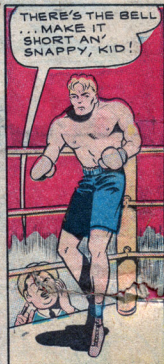
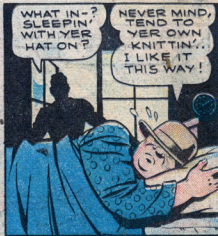


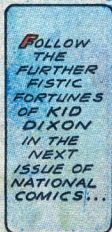
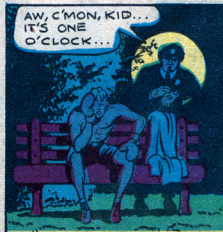
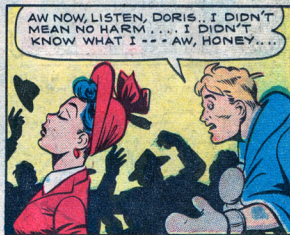
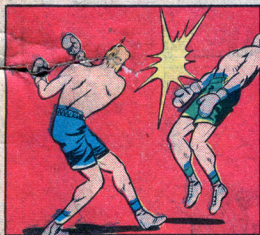
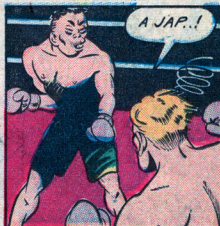
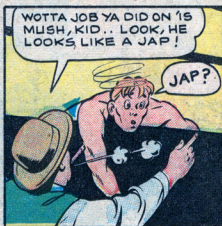
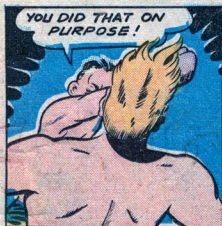
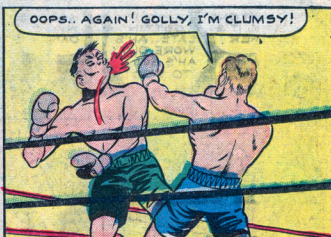
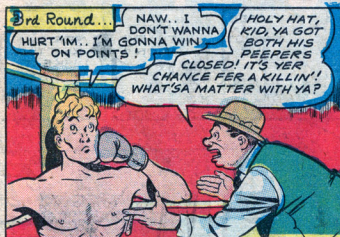
By Bob Reynolds





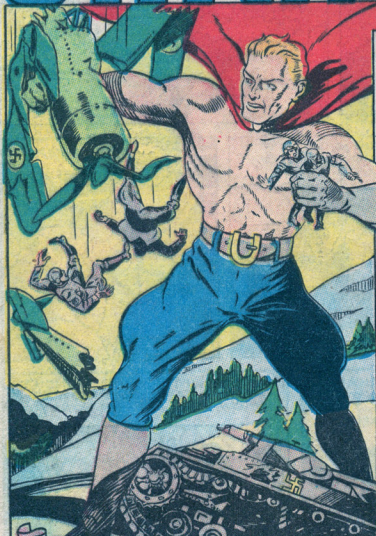






The UNKNOWN

by MOORE-BONDS



THE UNKNOWN! A NAME THAT STRIKES MORTAL TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE RUTHLESS BEASTS WHO HOLD ALL EUROPE IN A GRIP OF DEATH! WHERE WILL HE STRIKE NEXT?

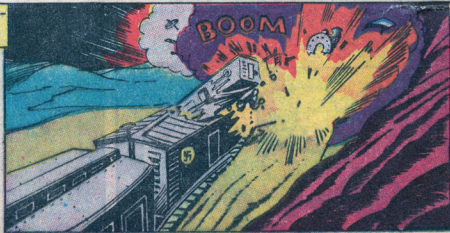
A GERMAN TRAIN LOADED WITH MILITARY SUPPLIES SPEEDS TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT!

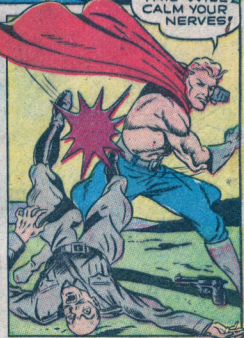
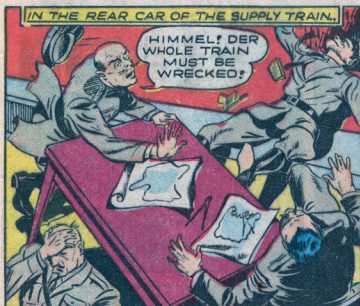


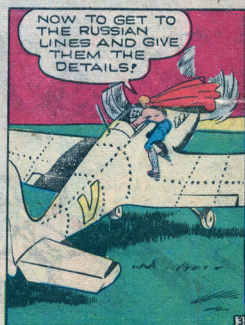
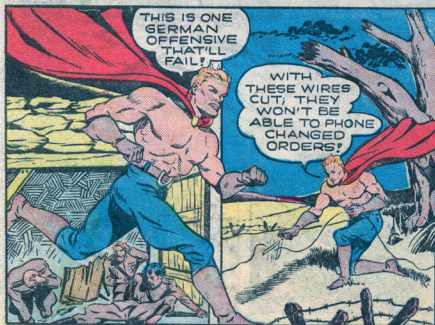
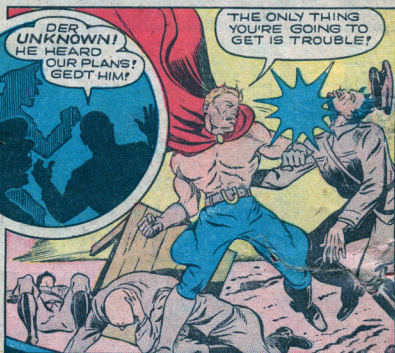
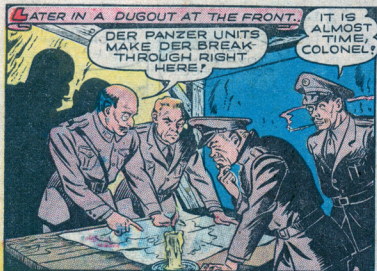
DONNER-VETTER! A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE!



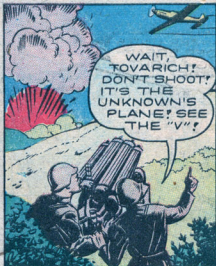
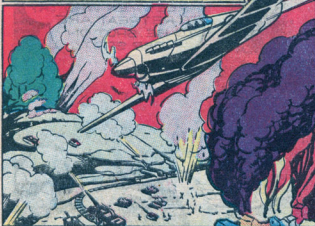
YES, NAZI ENGINEER, A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE BRINGING YOU SWIFT, SURE DEATH!







OVER THE INFERNO OF NO MAN'S LAND, THE UNKNOWN FLIES TOWARD THE RUSSIAN LINES.



WAIT, TOVARICH! DON'T SHOOT! IT'S THE UNKNOWN'S PLANE! SEE THE "V"!

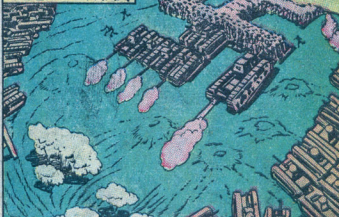
I HOPE I FIND RUSSIAN FIELD HEADQUARTERS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THEIR PLAN IS VERY INTERESTING, COMRADE UNKNOWN...WE WILL SHIFT OUR LINES AND DRAW THEM INTO A TRAP. THANKS TO YOU, THEY WILL BE ANNIHILATED!



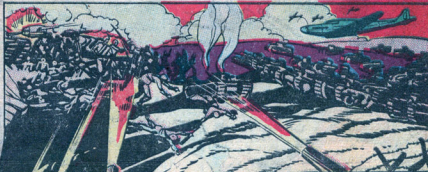
THE ADVANCING GERMAN PANZER DIVISION ROLLS INTO A RUSSIAN POCKET WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE A DEATH TRAP.



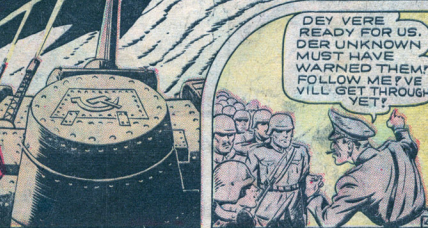
AND THE NAZI INFANTRY FOLLOWS TO ITS DOOM.

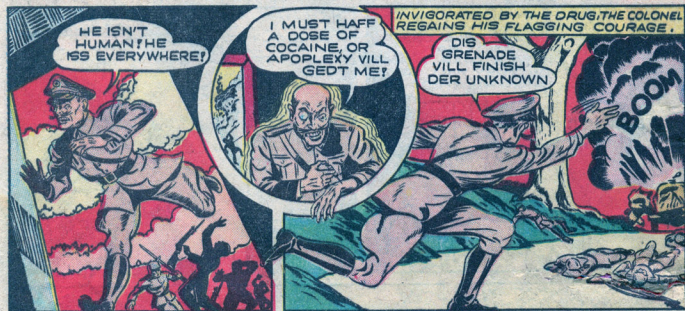
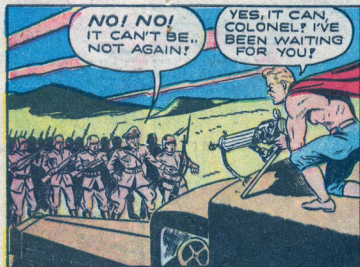


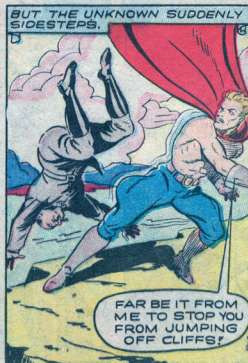
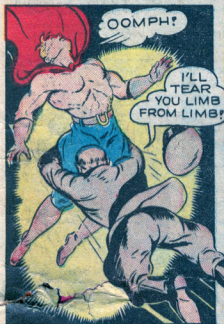
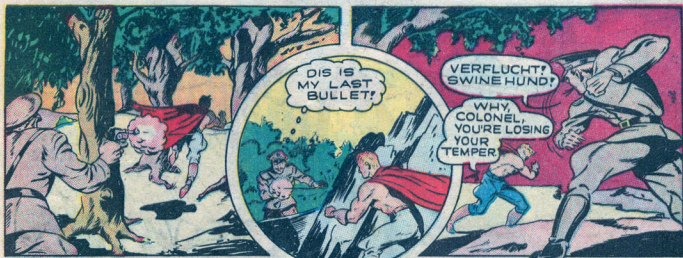
DIE, YOU BUTCHERS! YOU HAVE PICKED ON THE WRONG PEOPLE! DEATH TO THE BARBARIANS!



DEY VERE READY FOR US. DER UNKNOWN MUST HAVE WARNED THEM! FOLLOW ME! V'E VILL GET THROUGH YET!





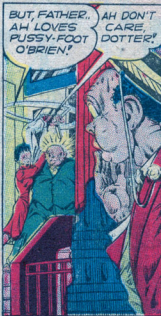
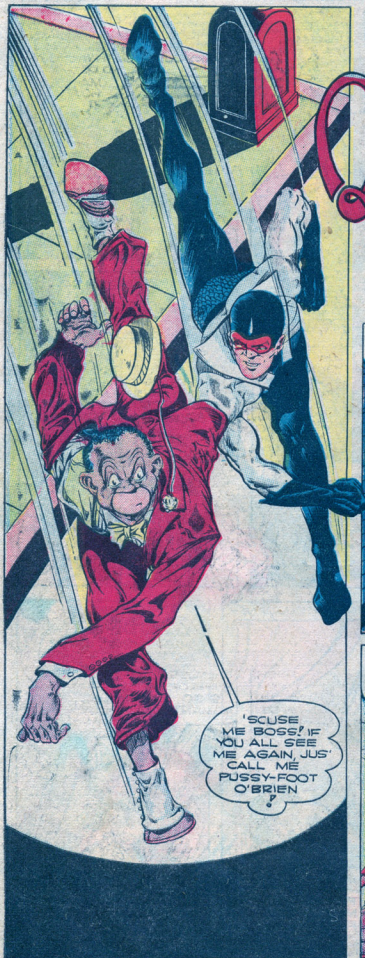


Quicksilver

THE
LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD

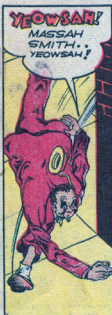
by
Nick
Cordy

ONCE AGAIN THAT KING OF SPEED
QUICKSILVER, COMES TO THE
AID OF SOCIETY... AN' TH'
PARTICULAR SOCIETY THIS TIME
AM HARLEM'S "PUSSY-FOOT" O'BRIEN!

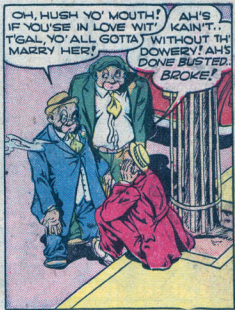
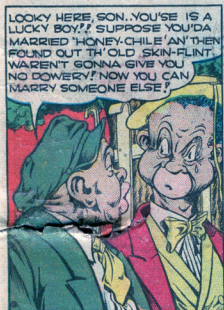




GIT.. AFERE AH CUTS YO' BIG MOUF' FROM EAR T'EAR?



AH IS DONE BIN DESERTED.. MASSAH SMITH WON'T GIMME NO DOWERY FO' MARRVIN' HONEY-CHILE!



AH'S WITHOUT TH' DOWERY! AH'S DONE BUSTED.. BROKE!



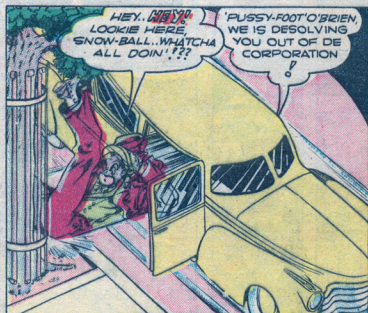
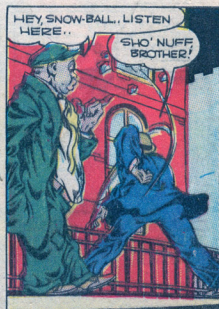
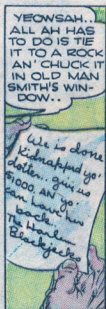
YOU ALL SEE...?? THEN WE.. BzZzZzZz.. ZzZzZzZz..

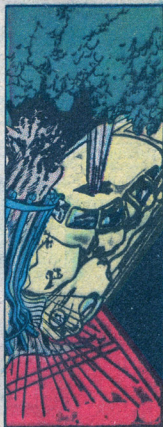
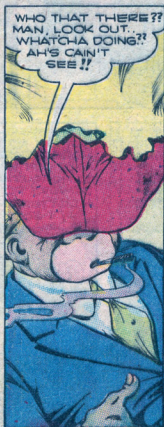
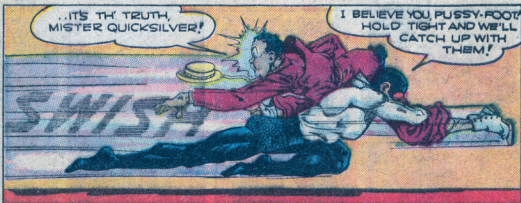
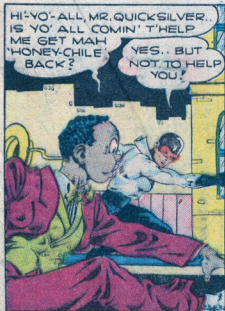


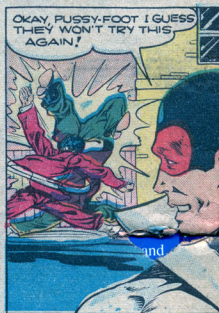
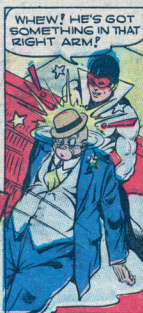
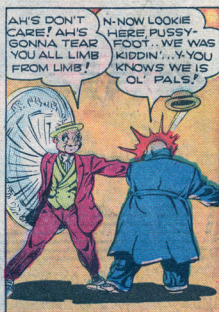
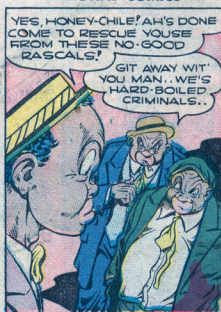
OH HUSH! IS IT HONES' TWIN MONEY ON DE NUMBERS? NOW HURRY UP AN' CALL HONEY-CHILE WHILE WE TAKES CARE OF DE REST!



HUSH UP WOMAN.. YO' ALL WANT TO WAKE UP YO' OLD MAN?







KID PATROL

by Dan Wilson

HEAH WE
GOES
AGIN'!

THERE'S NEVER A DULL
MOMENT, WHEN THAT
FUNNY, FROLICKING FOUR-
SOME, THE KID PATROL,
RIDES THE RAILS FOR
A SPEEDY SPASH OF
ADVENTURE.

LISTEN,
KIDS, I GOT
A SWELL IDEA
FOR A VACATION:
LET'S HOP A
BOX CAR
ON A TRAIN.
AN..

WHAT?

HAS
YOU GONE
DAFT,
BOY?

WE HAS ALWAYS
FOLLERED YO, TEDDY,
BUT THIS TIME YO,
AIN'T GWINE
TA WIN!

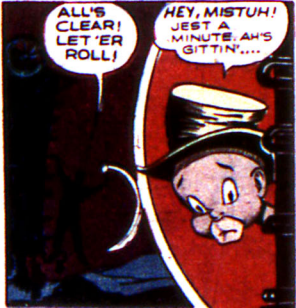
NOTHIN'
DOIN'!

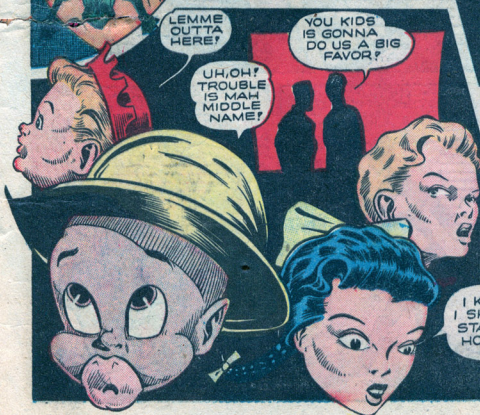
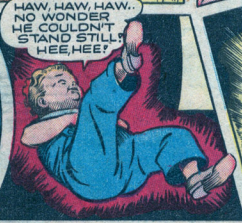
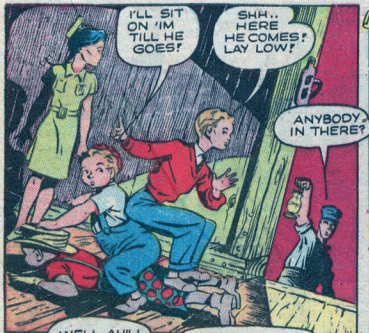
I'M
STAYIN'
PUT!

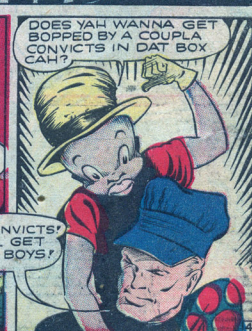
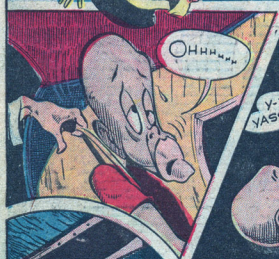
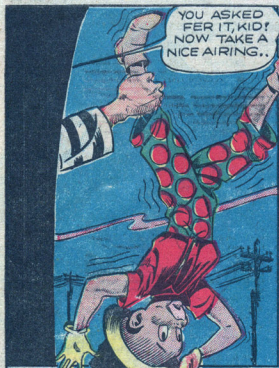
BUT THAT
NIGHT...

AH SHO' HOPES
AH HAS NO
REGRETS!

KID
PATROL







C'MON, MEN! THERE'S
A COUPLA JAIL BIRDS
IN ONE OF THE CARS...
SURROUND
THE YARD!

THERE THEY
ARE NOW...HOPPING
THAT MORNING
FREIGHT OUT TA
TOWN! GOT
THE KIDS WITH
'EM, TOO!

HEY! WE
CAN'T LET
THESE
MUGGS
KICK US
AROUND!

O.K., PORKY,
UP AND AT
'EM!

HAVE A
BOUNCE,
YA BIG BUM!

UGH!

BULLY A BUNCHA
KIDS, WILL
YA?

EEEE!

LOOK! THE
KIDS ARE
FIGHTING THEM!
C'MON, BOYS!
HOLD 'EM,
KIDS!
HOLD
'EM!

BUT THAT NIGHT...

FREIGHT
CARS, EH?

HOME AGAIN, THE
KIDS GET A
ROUSING CHEER
FOR THE CAPTURE
OF TWO DESPERA-
DOS.

GLORY
BE!

G-GOLLY,
FELLAS,
LOOK!

WELCOME
HOME
KID PATROL

DIDNT
AM DONE
TOL' VO!

EEOWW!

RUN
AWAY
FROM
HOME
HUM
?!

THE SONS OF
MISCHIEF RETURN
ADVENTURE IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
of *National Comics*... WATCH
FOR THE **KID PATROL!**

FOR MORE
ADVENTURE IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
of *National Comics*... WATCH
FOR THE **KID PATROL!**



BROWSING ABOUT A SECOND-HAND BOOK SHOP, SALLY FINDS A STRANGE VOLUME.

HMM. MAPS OF THE CITY WITH FOREIGN MARGINAL NOTES!

SHE HAS FOUND SOMETHING STRANGE!

THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR SALE, MISS!

OHH. I'M SORRY. I'LL FIND SOMETHING ELSE!

GOOT! SHE GOES NOW!

THAT SHOP KEEPER CERTAINLY SEEMED QUEER ABOUT THAT BOOK... I'LL JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THE SHOP FROM ACROSS THE STREET.



BOOK SALLY'S SUSPECT LEAVES THE SHOP AND JUMPS INTO A TAXI WITH A WOMAN CAB DRIVER.



IT'S A GOOD THING MY PASS KEY FITS THIS BACK DOOR. I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF THAT BOOK!



ANOTHER IT IS!



NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GO SOME FAST READING!



AROUND THE PARK, CABBY!

YES, MISS!



HMM. SO THAT'S HIS GAME, EH? VERY INTERESTING!



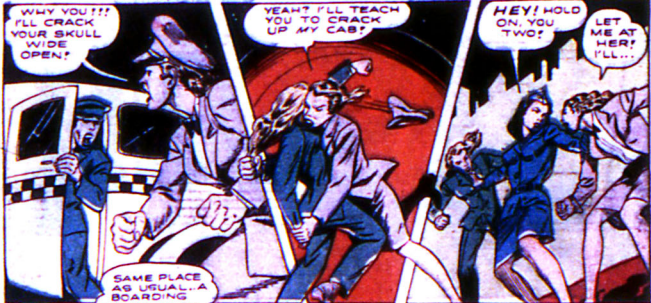
SUDDENLY, ANOTHER CAB CRASHES HEADLONG INTO SALLY'S..



OHHH!

WHAT A CRACK-UP! THANK GOODNESS, I WAS ONLY SHAKEN UP!





RETURNING TO HEADQUARTERS, SALLY GOES THROUGH THE FILE ON REGISTERED ALIENS.

HMM...HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE DEAD MAN...AN AMERICAN CITIZEN OF GOOD REPUTATION!



AHH...HERE'S SOMETHING... HAS A **TWIN BROTHER** WHO IS ACTIVE IN NAZI GERMANY! SO THAT RAT KILLED HIS SICK BROTHER AND IS TAKING HIS PLACE TO DO HIS FIFTH COLUMN DIRTY WORK UNDER COVER!



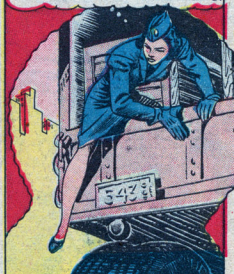
NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, THE GAS SUPPLY TANKS WERE SPOTTED OFF IN THAT MAP BOOK! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BOOK SHOP!



MY FATHER'S BOOK SHOP FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE VISITORS...THE WRONG KIND. THEY'RE GOING TO MOVE A TRUCK OF DYNAMITE!



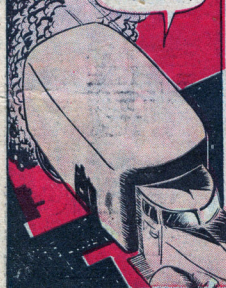
THIS MUST BE THE TRUCK. I'LL HOP IN AND GO ALONG.



PUT DER DYNAMITE IN DER TRUCK... QUICK!



GET MOOFING!



GUESS I'LL JOIN THE POWDER STICKS IN THIS CASE!

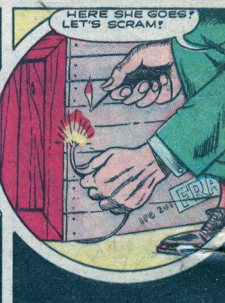
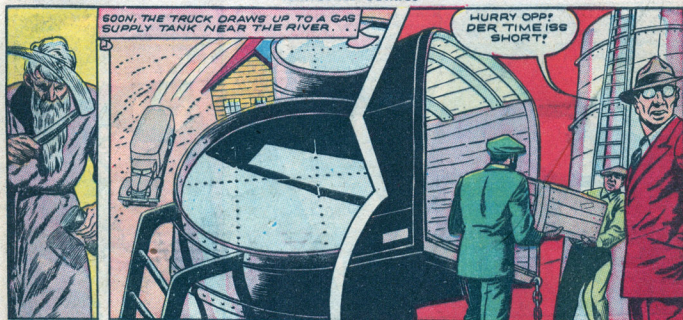


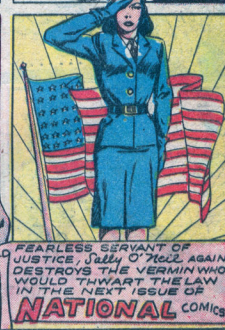
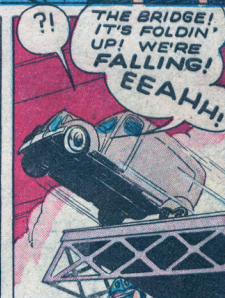
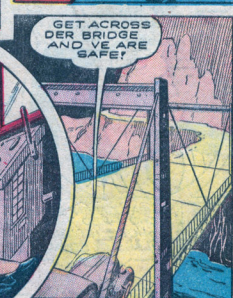
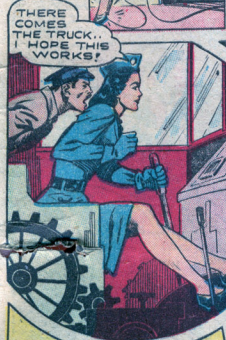
THEY'LL NEVER SPOT ME IN HERE!

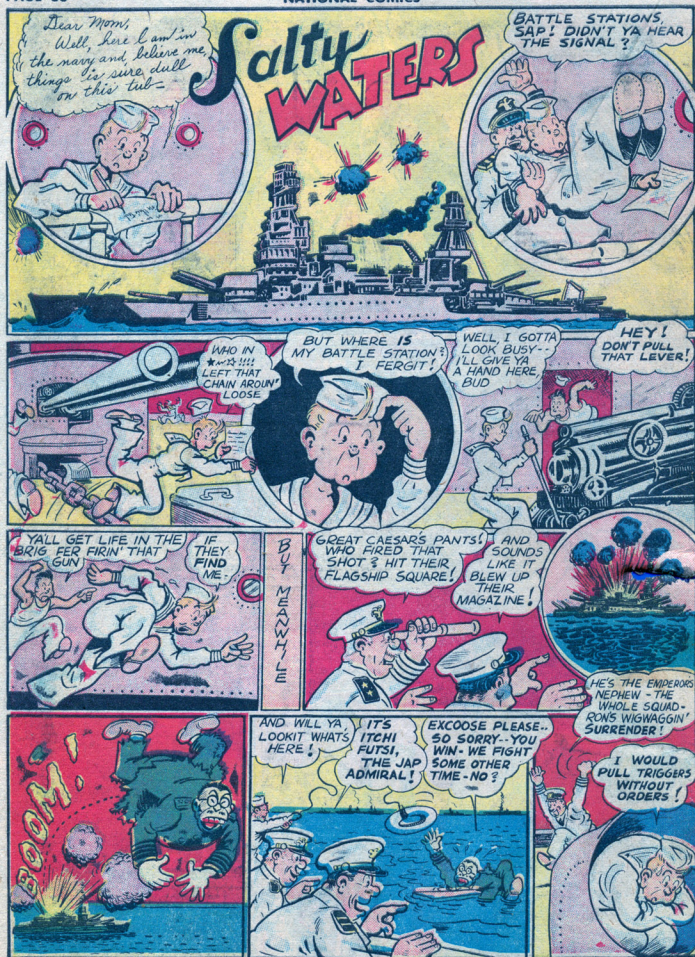


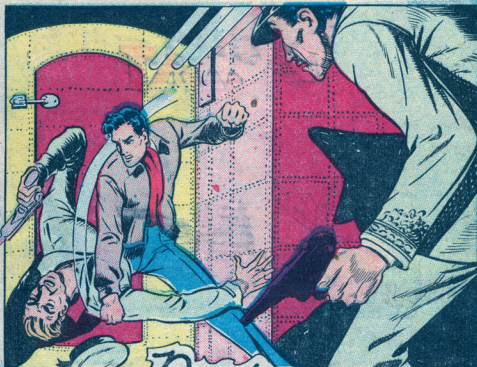
AND THE TRUCK ROARS OFF TOWARDS ITS OMINOUS MISSION.











AS PROP AND LANK WING
THEIR WAY TOWARD THE
COAST GUARD BASE...

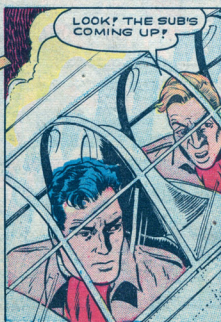
AIR BASE CALLING
2743..CALLING 2743..
PROCEED TO S.S.
ORCHID SINKING
FAST..LOCATION
FOLLOWS!

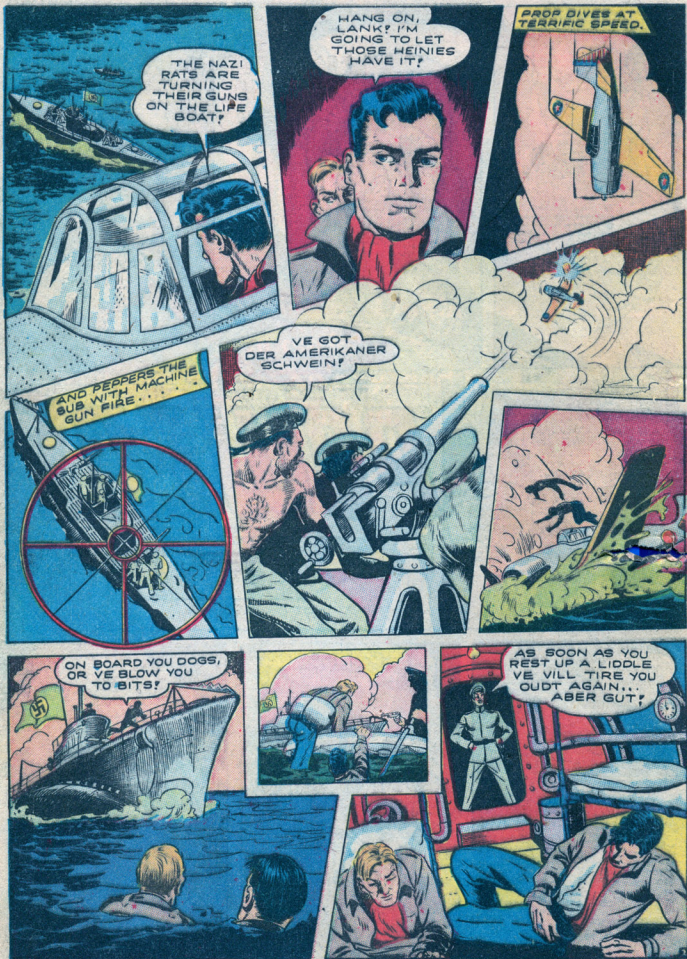
LOOKS
LIKE WE
AIN'T
HEADIN'
FER HOME
YET,
PROP?

Prop POWERS

PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL, LANK, ARE TWO OF AMERICA'S
COAST GUARD ACES, ROAMING THE SKIES, SEARCHING
FOR ANY THREAT TO OUR SHORES WHICH THEY ARE
PREPARED TO DEFEND
TO THE DEATH..

BY Lynn Byrd



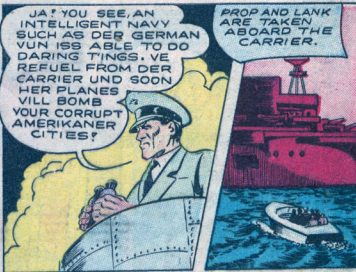


AFTER AWHILE, PROP AND LANK ARE BROUGHT TO THE DECK OF THE SUB.



A GERMAN CARRIER...IN THESE WATERS?

JA? YOU SEE, AN INTELLIGENT NAVY SUCH AS DER GERMAN VUN ISS ABLE TO DO DARING TINGS. VE REFUEL FROM DER CARRIER UND SOON HER PLANES VILL BOMB YOUR CORRUPT AMERIKANER CITIES?



PROP AND LANK ARE TAKEN ABOARD THE CARRIER.

SO YOU ARE FROM DER COAST GUARD, EH? GUT... YOU VILL TELL US HOW YOUR PATROLS OPERATE?



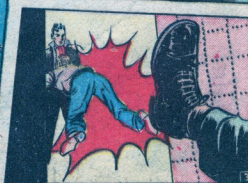
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, FANCY PANTS! WE DON'T SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE!

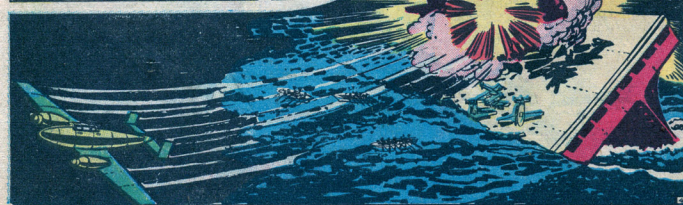
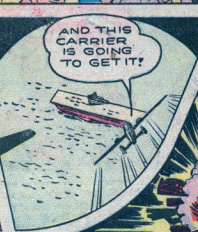
IDIOTS! VE VILL SWEAT DER INFORMATION OUDT OF YOU!

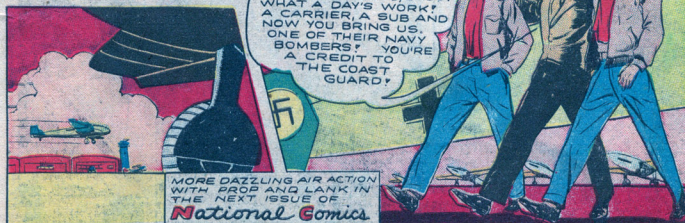
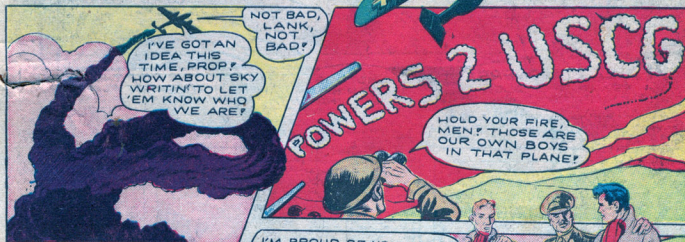
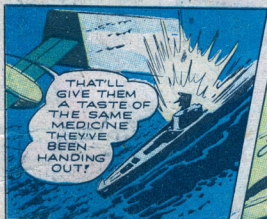
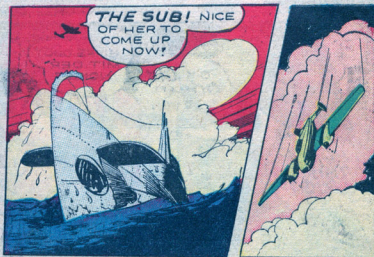
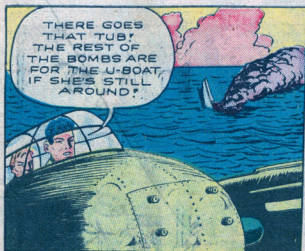
LET'S TRY FOR A BREAK, LANK!



TAKE DEM BELOW!







MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN AND THE SPIDER OF DOOM

PORD
TAHT
LRIG!

AAGH-
HELP!

AS HE TRAVELS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN USES HIS POWERS OF MAGIC TO ASTOUND AND DESTROY THE FEARSOME CREATURES LEASHED UPON THE EARTH BY THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY.

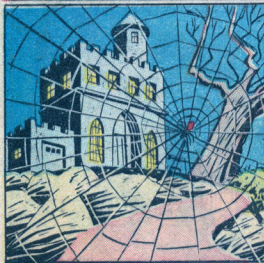
by LANCE BLACKWOOD

A LIGHT BLAZES BRIGHTLY IN THE SECLUDED CASTLE MANSION OF PROFESSOR MORDECAI TWITCH.

INSIDE

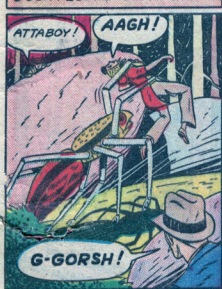
TONIGHT IS THE NIGHT, FANG...
OUR PATIENT WILL AWAKEN
AND ALL MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL
BE AMAZED BY MY SECRET
POWERS TO MAKE
INSECTS GROW!

FOR YEARS I HAVE
INJECTED GROWTH
PLAZMA INTO THIS
SPIDER UNTIL IT'S
BECOME A HUGE
SPECIMEN OF THE
ARACHNIDA SALT-
ICIDAE! I WILL BE
RICH! HA, HEE!





SOON PEOPLE ARE ATTACKED



TERROR SPREADS TO NEARBY TOWNS!



I'LL HELP YOU!



I'M GOING ALONE TO USE MY POWERS AGAINST THIS CREATURE!

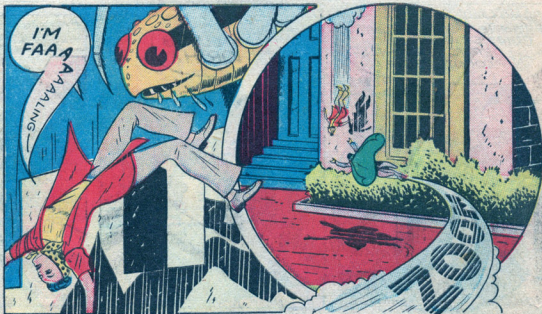


WHAT TH- THERE'S THE SPIDER ON TWITCH'S ROOF!

HELP!



REDIPS, PORD
RUOY MITCIV!



OOOH! IT WAS
AWFUL - THAT
SPIDER-UGH!

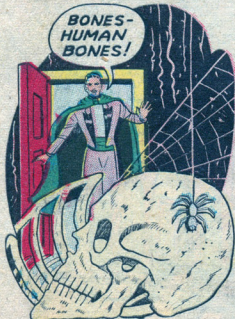
I'LL GET RID
OF HIM! YOU
GO ON
HOME!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
MORDECAI TWITCH ALLOWING
A SPIDER LIKE THAT TO
RUN LOOSE!



BONES-
HUMAN
BONES!

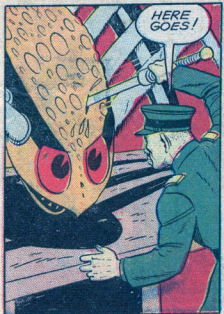
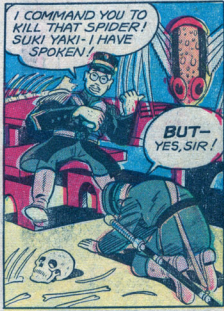


THIS WATCH! IT BELONGED
TO PROFESSOR TWITCH!
THAT THING HAS EATEN
HIM, TOO!

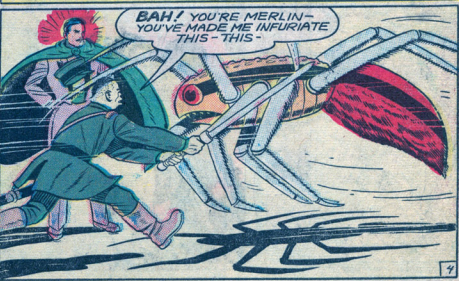


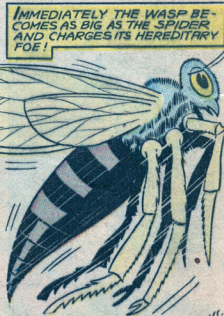
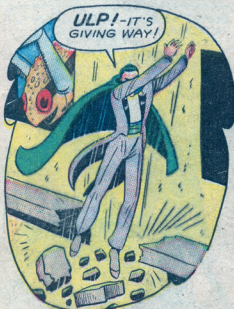
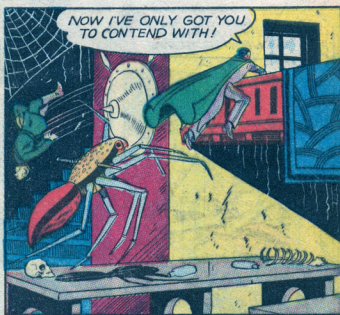
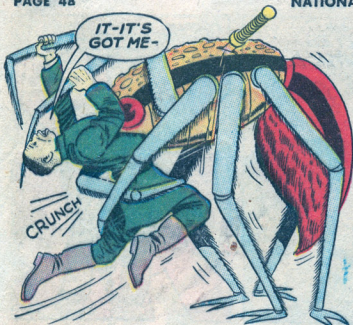
A PICTURE OF
HIROHITO! HIS ORIENTAL
MAN SERVANT - A
JAP!

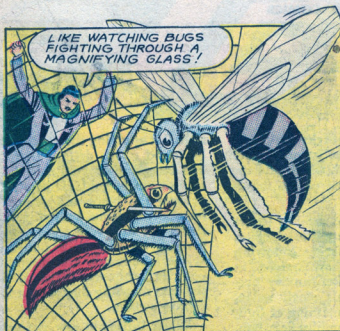




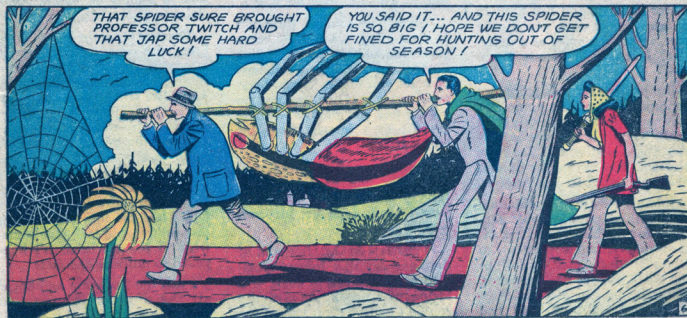
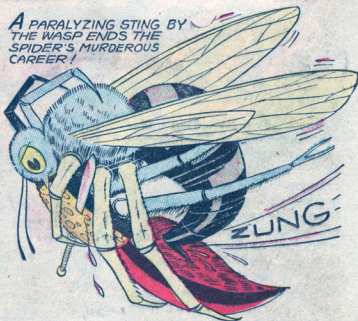
MAD WITH PAIN, THE HIDEOUS MAN-EATING SPIDER SAVAGELY ATTACKS HIS OPPONENT AS MERLIN BECOMES HIMSELF AGAIN!







A PARALYZING STING BY THE WASP ENDS THE SPIDER'S MURDEROUS CAREER!



GHOST TOWN MURDER

Ghost Town lay asleep under the wan moonlight. The bleached carcasses of its ancient buildings were whitish bones in a skeleton graveyard. The eerie effect was not lessened by the several score of tattered crosses studding "boot-hill" immediately back of the town. Each of those crosses could have told a story—a story of violence and bloodshed and sudden death. For Ghost Town—once known as Bonalite—had a history more vivid than any of the many other abandoned mining towns in the area.

But Ghost Town was not without life. There was old Bullwhip Sellers, who occupied a ramshackle cabin at the east edge of the town. Bullwhip was a desert rat of the first (and last) water.

Bullwhip's past wasn't very well known by anyone. He was a taciturn, moody man, seeming to hate the world and everything in it. Everything, that is, except the meager grains of gold dust he wrested from the earth.

All these things I learned subsequently, after I was called on to solve the murder that occurred near Ghost Town last September. It was one of the strangest cases I ever handled, and I've been in on some queer ones, you can be sure, in my ten years as a detective! I arrived in Ghost Town at—

But perhaps I should introduce Johnny Kwan at this point. For it is about Johnny that this story deals. Young Kwan was a Korean, English Editor of "The New Korean," the newspaper of that name published in Los Angeles.

Johnny, a very well educated chap with an unquenchable penchant for the bizarre and out-of-the-ordinary, had slipped up to Ghost Town to "pick up a bit of the old West," as he had put it. Naturally he had met old Bullwhip, and right off they had

struck up a sort of friendship. (At least this is what Johnny wrote back to his paper, which he kept informed of most of his movements.)

Going over the sheaf of letters he sent into the editorial office, we pieced together the following story: Johnny had arrived in Ghost Town on a Sunday evening, driving his small sedan. Having heard something of Bullwhip, he called on him first, hoping that Bullwhip would help him find a suitable place to bed down for the duration of his visit. Bullwhip had obliged him by helping to clean a room in the Pot o' Gold Hotel, most of which was still standing.

About a week later he went with Bullwhip on one of the man's many quests for a richer gold mine. They worked well into the Fire Mountains, finding nothing in the way of good "color."

Johnny knew not one thing about prospecting, but he picked up considerable information from old Bullwhip, and by the end of a week, he knew how to detect color, and the type of terrain in which to look for it.

"Look," he said to Bullwhip one morning when they were preparing to start forth. "I like the looks of that canon a mile east of here; you don't. So what you say I tackle that one, and you go up the one you prefer?" (These are his own quotes, from his letters.)

Bullwhip readily agreed, and gave him one of the burros. Johnny and the old prospector parted then, each on his own way.

It was late in the afternoon of the same day that Johnny stumbled upon a streak of color in a ledge of quartz. At first he couldn't believe it; it looked too

rich. But applying the usual tests, he found to his delight that he had indeed discovered a healthy vein of virgin gold. He carefully marked the place and returned hurriedly to camp. Bullwhip was there, not in a very good mood, because he had been unlucky. When Johnny told him about his find, Bullwhip was skeptical. So the next morning they set out for Johnny's claim.

When Bullwhip saw the vein (according to the letters) he simply stared, his mouth hanging open, and said one word—a blistering oath. But it was an exclamation of surprise. He had never seen a richer streak. He thumped Johnny on the back, telling him that he was a wealthy man. Johnny insisted that half of the gold was Bullwhip's. But the old prospector turned it down.

"It's all yours, you danged young Indian," he cried. "I'll help ye git rigged up and show ye how to start minin'. We'll start in the mornin'."

So that was how it was. Bullwhip got Johnny started at the mining operations, then he left on another hunt. This time, he assured Johnny, he would find a claim or else!

That's as far as the letters went. From the time Johnny got his mine going, no letters were forthcoming. A month passed. Two. The office sent letter after letter, but no reply. They began to get worried. This wasn't like Johnny. And even the advent of the mine could hardly change their capable young editor so much. So I was called in to make the trip. It was more of a lark for me, I felt. I had the idea that mining that yellow gold had gone somewhat to Kwan's head; it's happened to millions of others.

I met old Bullwhip and heard all the details. Johnny had worked his mine until it petered

out. Then he had left Ghost Town, according to Bullwhip. He was bowled over when I told him that Johnny had never returned to his home.

There was little doubt that Johnny had gone; his car wasn't anywhere around and, little as I know about mines, I could see that the vein had been worked clean.

I hung around Ghost Town for two or three days and chatted a lot with Bullwhip. I knew there was something he was holding back, but just what it was I couldn't pry loose. Of course, I laid much of Bullwhip's reticence to his peculiar mode of life—alone for years. Yet I couldn't put the thing out of mind, that Bullwhip wasn't telling all he knew.

The next afternoon I was strolling through "boothill" when I came suddenly upon a grave that looked different from the others. At first I couldn't tell what was different, but a closer inspection showed me that the hard ground was slightly lighter in color than the rest of the grim place. So this was a newer grave! Bullwhip was on a gold hunt in the hills, so I had no fear that he would see me. I got a shovel and soon had that grave open.

Yes, you guessed it, I found all that remained of Johnny Kwan. The side of his head was either bashed in or it had been blown away by a gunshot. I filled in the grave and decided to say nothing to Bullwhip for the nonce. After all I couldn't prove that he had killed Johnny.

But that night I couldn't refrain from saying something to Bullwhip about his reluctance to tell all. I said, "Bullwhip, you aren't telling me everything I want to know about Johnny's disappearance. You know something. Come on, spill it!"

I saw him tense. He looked at me queerly with his narrow, oblique eyes. "Yeah?" he drawled. "An' what if I do know somethin' I ain't peeped? What would you do about it?" Bullwhip always carried a heavy revolver and his hand hovered over it like the

talons of a hawk. I grinned.

"Don't like kidding worth a darn, do you?" I breezed. "Forget it, Bullwhip." But I knew that henceforth I would have to be on my guard. I found out soon enough that I was right.

"Let's go up an' have a look at Johnny's old mine tomorrer," invited Bullwhip the next morning. "I think I'll go down to Benton and pick up some grub. Be back this evenin'."

He rode off then, swearing to his burros. I decided to take a look at Johnny's mine on my own. So I set out soon after Bullwhip had disappeared from view. I was within a mile of the mine entrance when I saw it. Bullwhip's burros standing idly near the mine. I squinted. Yes, Bullwhip was up in a juniper tree doing something. But what? I wished I had binoculars. It didn't take the fellow long to do what he was about. A few minutes later he descended, mounted a burro and rode south.

I hurried to the mine. I climbed that tree and found a neat little engine of death all ready and waiting. For me! But I also saw how I'd fool Bullwhip and force a confession out of him.

As we rode to the mine the next morning, Bullwhip hummed a slangy desert song. He was in jolly fettle. We dismounted near

the tree. Bullwhip hung back, fumbling with a saddle cinch. He said, "You go ahead, Mike. I'll be with you soon's I fix this consarn cinch; keeps slippin'."

I went ahead. But I went prepared. First I loosened the gun in my shoulder holster. Then I picked up a length of timber which I had placed there the day before. When I was a few feet from the tree, I hurled the timber. There was a terrific roar, and the dust swirled up just where I should have been had I followed Bullwhip's suggestion.

I whirled quickly, drawing my gun, covering the startled Bullwhip, who already had his Colt half way out of its holster.

"'Fooled' you, Bullwhip!" I snapped. "Johnny didn't. Pretty clever of you to fasten that shotgun in the tree. No one—especially Johnny—could see that thin strand of copper wire against the sand. Johnny kicked it, jerking the trigger on the shotgun . . . Well, let's start riding. I'm arresting you for the murder of John Kwan."

* * *

P.S.: Oh, yes. Where was Johnny's car? Clever old Bullwhip! He had smashed it to pieces and buried it in "boot-hill" alongside the other corpses!

Read **STORMY FOSTER**
IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF

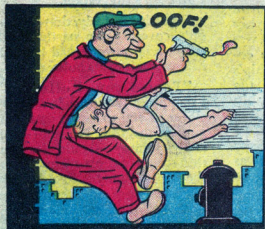
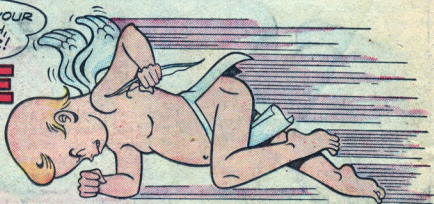
HIT
COMICS

ON SALE AUGUST 5TH

CYCLONE CUPID

HE AINT STUPID
BY -GILL FOX-

THIS IS YOUR
FINISH,
KILLER!

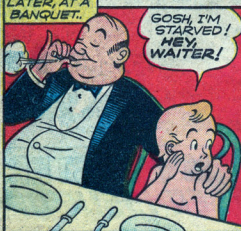


OOF!



AND IN VIEW OF YOUR
CRIME FIGHTING
WORK, WE DECLARE
THIS
'CYCLONE
CUPID
WEEK!'

LATER, AT A
BANQUET.



GOSH, I'M
STARVED!
HEY,
WAITER!

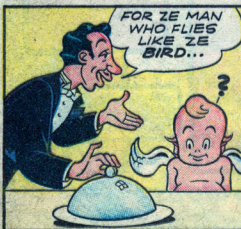


WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
HAVE TO
EAT?

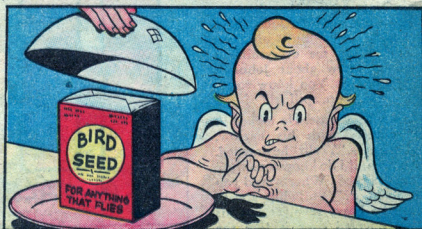
AH, WE HAVE ZE
TURKEY LA CREOLE,
LOBSTER AU
GOO,
CAVIER
LA HASH...



AH, BUT FOR YOU..FOR
YOU, WE HAVE SOME-
THING SPECIAL!..M-M-
MMM!!



FOR ZE MAN
WHO FLIES
LIKE ZE
BIRD...







INSIDE, A WANDERING REVIVALIST INCITES THE PEOPLE.

THE NEW DAM IS A SIN! NO GOOD CITIZEN SHOULD HAVE ANY PART IN THIS DIRTY WORK!

RIGHT!

HURRAY!

YAY!

A NICE, PEACEFUL LITTLE TROUBLE MAKER, EH? I'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

THE MEETING'S OVER... I'LL JUST TAIL THIS BIG-MOUTHED MUGG, AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

IT'S ALL SET, BOYS! I GOT THOSE FOOLS ALL STIRRED UP! THEY WON'T TRY TO INTERFERE!

NICE WORK! DON'T FORGET TO START THAT LITTLE RIOT HERE AND GET THE GUARDS AWAY FROM THE DAM!

SO THAT'S ALL THEIR GAME, IS IT?

IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!

SOON...

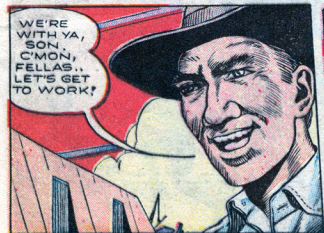
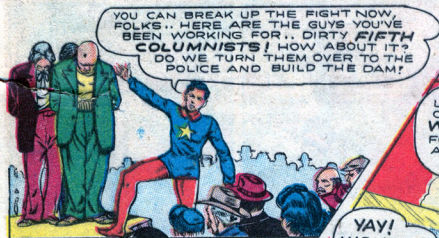
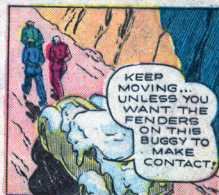
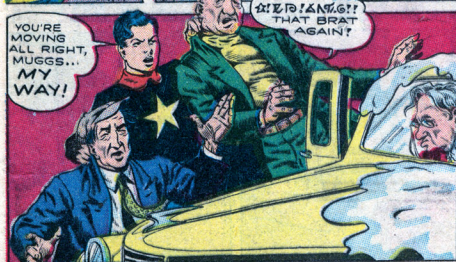
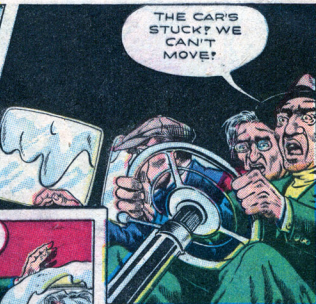
THE RIOT'S STARTED ALREADY, BUT THIS IS ONE FIGHT I'M NOT GETTING INTO..

THERE'S SOMETHING STIRRING AT THE DAM... AND THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING!

WE DON'T WANT NO DAM!

WHAT THE...?

NO DAM



Miss Winky

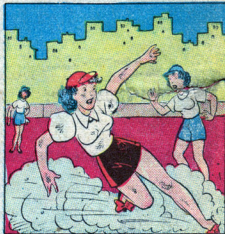
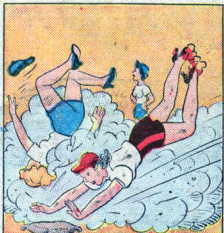
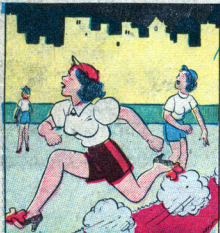
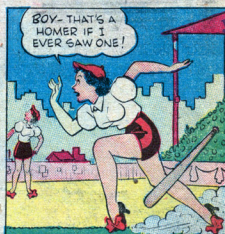
The All-American Girl

ARTHUR O'BRIEN

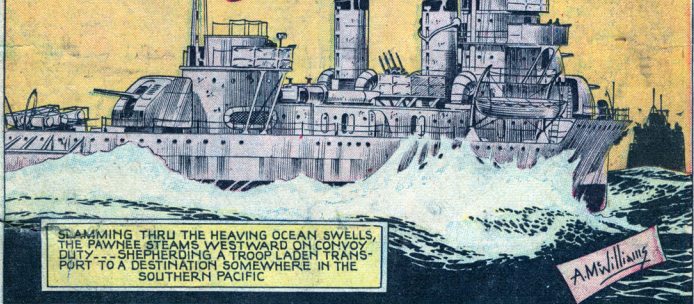
I SEE THAT WE'LL HAVE TO WIN THIS GAME IN SPITE OF THE UMPIRE, PEGGY! HE DON'T LIKE US!

I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU GIRLS WOULD STOP FIXING YOUR FACES LONG ENOUGH TO CONTINUE THE GAME, PLEASE

OH-KEEP QUIET, PICKLE PUGS!



Destroyer 17



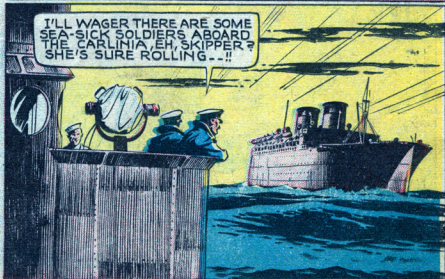
SLAMMING THRU THE HEAVING OCEAN SWELLS, THE PAWNEE STEAMS WESTWARD ON CONVOY DUTY --- SHEPHERDING A TROOP LADEN TRANSPORT TO A DESTINATION SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC

AS DAWN BREAKS, THE PAWNEE'S SKIPPER, LIEUT. COMMANDER BLAKE IS ON THE BRIDGE WITH HIS EXECUTIVE OFFICER

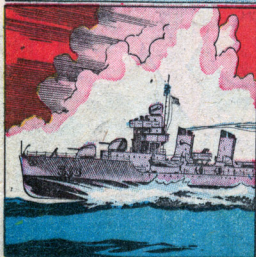
KEEP THE MEN ON THE HYDROPHONES, CONROY... WE DON'T WANT A JAP SUB SLIPPING UP ON US



THE HEAVY, ROLLING BULK OF THE TRANSPORT PLOWS ALONG STEADILY OFF THE PAWNEE'S PORT BEAM



BEYOND THE CARLINIA, THE SECOND ESCORT DESTROYER, THE U.S.S. DRAKE, PROTECTS THE BIG LINER'S PORT FLANK



ABOARD THE CARLINIA

I FEEL PRETTY SAFE WITH THE PAWNEE ESCORTING US! THAT'S THE DESTROYER THAT SANK THE JAP PLANE CARRIER --- THEY ALSO GOT A SUB !!

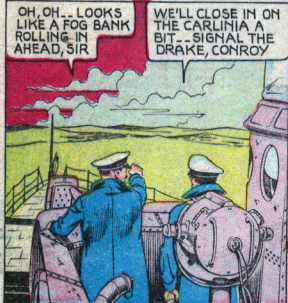


TOWARDS EVENING OUR ESCORT IS TO BE JOINED BY A TASK FORCE OF TWO CRUISERS AND MORE DESTROYERS... WE'LL BE WELL PROTECTED THEN...

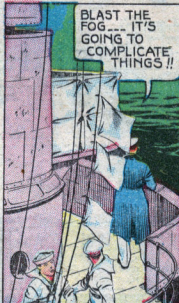


OH, OH... LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK ROLLING IN AHEAD, SIR

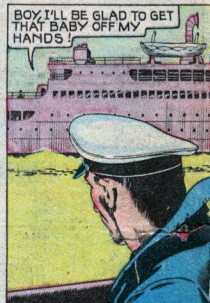
WE'LL CLOSE IN ON THE CARLINIA A BIT... SIGNAL THE DRAKE, CONROY



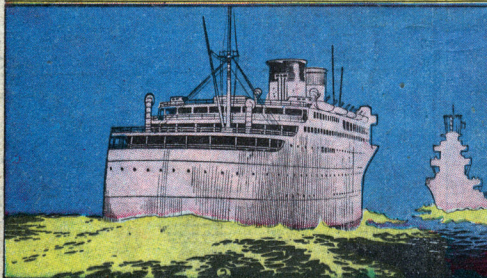
BLAST THE FOG --- IT'S GOING TO COMPLICATE THINGS !!



BOY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET THAT BABY OFF MY HANDS!



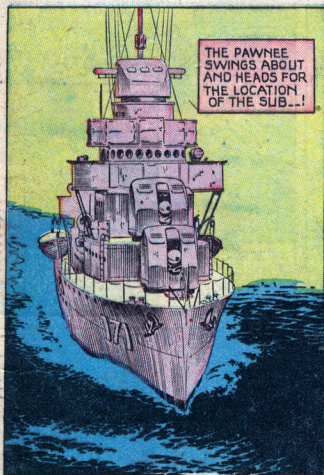
THE BIG TROOP TRANSPORT MOVES AT REDUCED SPEED THROUGH THE GREY MURK WITH HER SHADOWY ESCORTS ON EITHER SIDE



SUDDENLY, DOWN IN THE PAWNEE'S HOLD...

HELLO THE BRIDGE...!! SUBMARINE CONTACT ASTERN...130 DEGREES



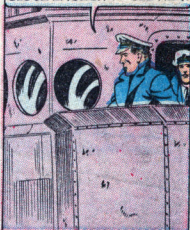


THE PAWNEE SWINGS ABOUT AND HEADS FOR THE LOCATION OF THE SUB...!

IT'S A JAP SUB ALL RIGHT... HE SPOTTED US AT DAWN, BUT THE FOG CLOSED IN BEFORE HE COULD GET INTO A FIRING POSITION ----



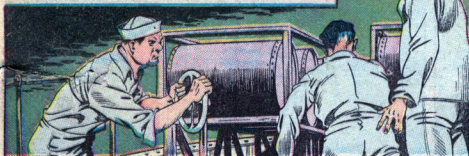
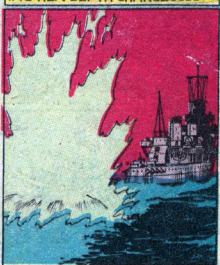
THE ONLY WAY HE CAN JUDGE THE CARLINIA'S COURSE AND SPEED NOW IS TO TRAIL ASTERN AND LAUNCH HIS TORPEDOES FROM THERE WHEN HE'S CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE HER!



RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES!!



THE PAWNEE PLUNGES THROUGH THE FOG IN A WIDE CIRCLE LAYING HER DEPTH CHARGES----



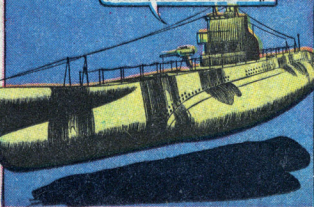
KEEP THAT FOG SIREN GOING, CONROY!! I CAN HEAR THE DRAKE'S SIREN SOMEWHERE OFF TO STARBOARD!

I DON'T SEE ANY OIL OR WRECKAGE, SKIPPER... THINK WE GOT THAT SUB?



BUT THE WILY SUB COMMANDER HAS HEARD THE SHRILL WHINE OF THE DESTROYER'S PROPELLORS AS THEY COME BACK TO SEARCH FOR HIM ASTERN OF THE TRANSPORT

DOWN TO 100 FEET... WE GO UNDER TRANSPORT AND AHEAD OF HER... SHE HASN'T INCREASED SPEED ----!!

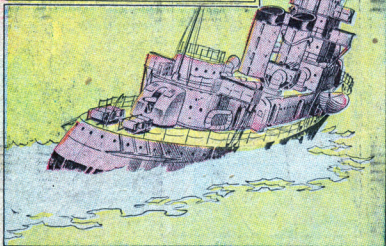


ABOARD THE PAWNEE

CONTACTED SUBMARINE AGAIN! SHE'S MOVING SOMEWHERE JUST AHEAD OF THE CARLINIA...!



INSTANTLY THE PAWNEE'S HELM IS SLAMMED HARD OVER... AND WITH THE FORCED DRAFT BLOWERS HOWLING, SHE SPINS ABOUT TO OVERTAKE THE IMPERILED LINER ---

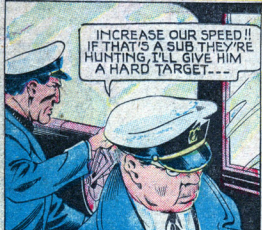


TRICKED... BY HARRY!!... THAT JAP IS CLEVER!! HE'S GONNA SINK THE TRANSPORT AS SHE PASSES HIM

HA, WE ARE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF THE LINER NOW... UP SHIP TO FIFTY FEET... HALF SPEED... WE WILL USE STERN TORPEDO TUBES!!



BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE JAP SUB COMMANDER OR THE DESTROYERS' CAPTAINS THEIR CALCULATIONS OF EACH OTHER'S LOCATIONS HAVE BEEN UPSET BY THE CARLINIA'S NERVOUS CAPTAIN ---



INCREASE OUR SPEED!! IF THAT'S A SUB THEY'RE HUNTING, I'LL GIVE HIM A HARD TARGET---

ABOARD THE PAWNEE
SUB CONTACT OFF PORT-LINIA'S HORN BEAM, SIR... WE'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

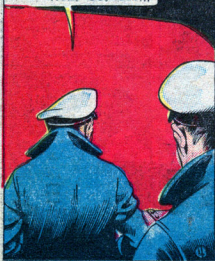


THE CAR-SUB CONTACT OFF PORT-LINIA'S HORN SOUNDS CLOSER THAN I FIGURED IT SHOULD BE, BUT---

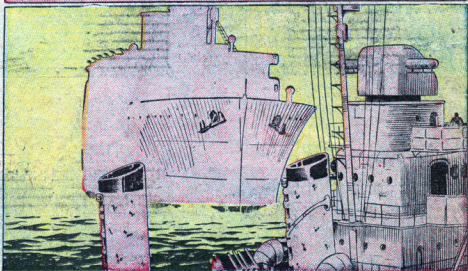
HARD TO PORT ON THE HELM... WE'LL BE CROSSING THE TRANSPORT'S COURSE TO GET THE SUB, BUT WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AHEAD OF HER ---



THERE GOES THE TRANSPORT'S FOG HORN AGAIN --- BY GOSH, IT SOUNDS CLOSE...!! WONDER IF --- HOLY SOX ---!!!



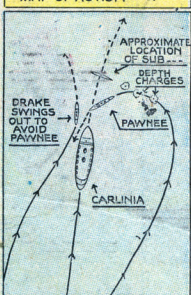
AS THE DEPTH CHARGES TUMBLE OFF THE PAWNEE'S STERN, A MASSIVE SHAPE SUDDENLY LOOMS OUT OF THE FOG CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER'S PORT SIDE ---!!



LOOK...!! SKIPPER...
THE DRAKE IS COMING
UP FROM THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE CARLINIA!!
WE'RE CUT OFF...!!

IF WE GO ON WE'LL
RAM THE DRAKE...!!
IF WE TRY TO TURN
THE CARLINIA WILL
RAM US...!!

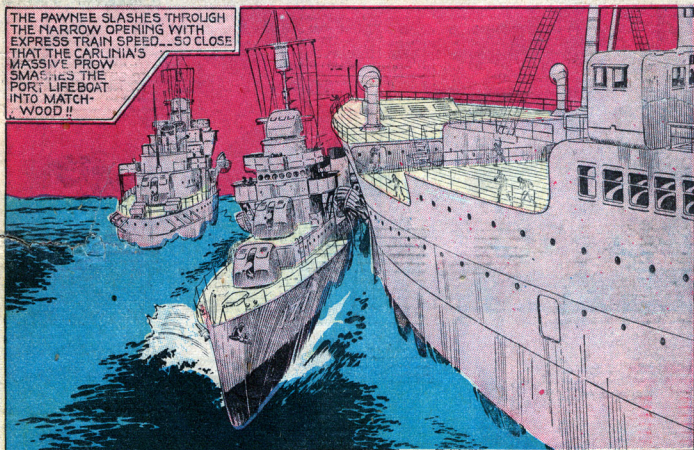
MAP OF ACTION



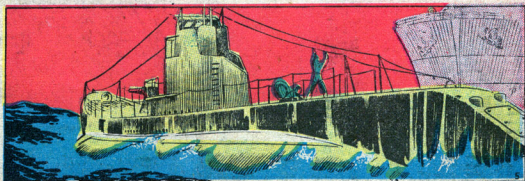
SOUND COLLISION
ALARM, CONROY...I'M
GOING BETWEEN 'EM...
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!!

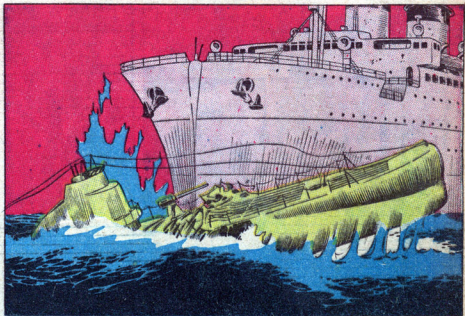


THE PAWNEE SLASHES THROUGH
THE NARROW OPENING WITH
EXPRESS TRAIN SPEED...SO CLOSE
THAT THE CARLINIA'S
MASSIVE PROW
SMASHES THE
PORT LIFEBOAT
INTO MATCH-
WOOD!!

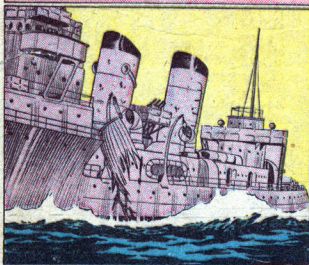


BUT THE PAWNEE'S
DEPTH CHARGES HAVE
HIT THEIR TARGET...!!
CRIPPLED BY THE
EXPLOSIONS, THE JAP
SUB IS FORCED TO THE
SURFACE...AND IT
ROLLS HELPLESSLY,
DIRECTLY IN THE
PATH OF THE ONRUSH-
ING CARLINIA...!!





THE PAWNEE CIRCLES TO TAKE UP HER POSITION OFF THE CARLINIA'S STARBOARD SIDE ONCE AGAIN.



OH...BROTHER!!...ANOTHER CLOSE ONE LIKE THAT AND I'LL BE READY FOR A PADDED CELL ----!!



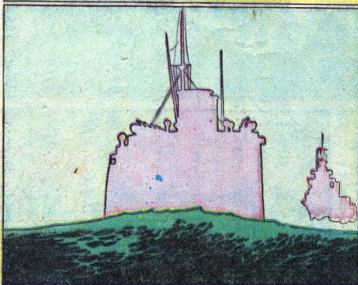
THAT OLD FOOL ON THE CARLINIA MUST HAVE INCREASED HIS SPEED...!! EVEN THE JAP SUB CAPTAIN WAS CAUGHT BY SURPRISE



HAVE THAT LIFE BOAT CLEARED AWAY CONROY! I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE THE TASK FORCE TAKE OVER THIS JOB...!!



THE TRANSPORT AND HER ESCORTS FADE INTO THE FOG... BOUND FOR THE WAR ZONE



BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE OF

**DESTROYER
171**

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

America's Greatest Comic Magazines


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CHERRY
LIME



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BRINGING WITH DELICIOUS FOR QUICK FOOD ENERGY

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